

Take Your Time by plistommy

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Summary:

Billy has never been good with affection, but things start to change with Steve and he gives himself a chance to be open.

Take Your Time

Author's Note:

Just this small idea I had about how different the guys are at the start of their relationship. Steve loves to be close with his partner, but Billy never has, so we kinda see his side and Steve's on this and how things change with time!

Hope you guys enjoy this even if this is quite short !
<3

Steve loves to hold hands in bed and kiss because it makes it feel more intimate to him and he loves to feel close to his partner when they're having sex.

But Billy on the other hand doesn't, at first.

It took a while for him to let any intimacy in while he and Steve started this... *thing* they had. He never kissed the other, but he could always see how Steve's big brown eyes searched for his lips whenever Billy was on top of him and had gotten closer to the other's face.

He never missed the small disappointment in Steve's face when he pulled back, but he always made sure to fuck him just a little harder so the other's face turned into a pleasure rather than sorrow.

Steve tried to hold Billy's hand a few times when he was riding the other so he could feel more secure since it were his first times doing it, but Billy just brushed his hand away and ignored it by thrusting into him harder so Steve would have to put his hands on the other's chest for balance instead.

But Steve wasn't stupid.

He quickly understood what was going on without even talking about it and decided to not rush things. He was always very touchy with his partners and wanted to show affection, but he'd wait, even though he really wanted to kiss Billy already.

So after giving the other time, things started to change.

There was a one night after they had just had sex and were lying tangled in Steve's sheets that Billy put his arm on Steve's pillow and started to pet the other's hair.

Steve's eyes had widened, but he made a mental note to not react to it so he wouldn't scare Billy off. He just closed his eyes and smiled softly until he fell asleep with Billy petting him.

That morning he woke up with Billy holding him close to his chest and Steve swore his heart skipped a few hits because of it. He waited until the other woke up and acted like he was still sleeping.

Billy's arms had tightened around him for a while until he let go and got up. He left and even though Steve wished he stayed, he was left with a giddy feeling after being held all night.

Things had kept going on like that, just a few soft touches now and then, but then things *really* changed.

They had driven off to the quarry to celebrate the start of the summer and the night was beautiful as they laid on top of Billy's camaro's hood while watching the stars.

It had gotten chilly at one point and even though Steve's pretty used to the cold weather by living in Hawkins his whole life, he was shivering.

Billy had noticed it and took off his jean jacket with a grunt and threw it onto Steve's lap.

Steve had looked at him with a confused expression and Billy had just said to put it on because he was clearly freezing.

Steve gave Billy a soft smile and got up to sit so he could put the jacket on easier. When he got it on he realized it was a little big on him around the arms, but it just made it better because he could wrap it around himself better.

When he went to lay down again next to Billy, the other was already staring at him. Steve turned to look at him and for the first time, Billy

didn't look away like he was doing something wrong. Or that it was embarrassing to stare.

He just kept his blue eyes locked on Steve's brown ones for a moment and soon, without Steve even realizing what he was doing, he leaned in and captured the other's soft lips into his own.

Billy hesitated slightly, but closed his eyes and leaned in more.

Steve, on the other hand, was caught off guard, but his eyes widened when he finally realized Billy was kissing him. Like actually *kissing* him for the first time, too.

His stomach made a flip. A good kind.

He hadn't realized he had been thinking too long until he felt Billy start to pull away, to retreat back into himself and that made Steve immediately realize he wasn't kissing the other back.

So he put his hand behind Billy's head and deepened the kiss with a moan while closing his eyes.

He felt the other's body relax a little and soon Billy's hand was creeping up onto Steve's waist and he was pulled flush against the other's body.

Steve threw his leg around Billy's waist to get the other closer to him and it made a pleasant hum come from Billy.

They made out for a *while*, their tongues exploring each other's mouths.

Steve loved the rough feeling of Billy's stubble against his lips. It always made him so turned on when he felt it between his thighs, but this was *way* better.

Much better.

When they pulled away from the kiss, they pressed their foreheads together and breathed in the same air as they both calmed down their breathing.

Things were quiet, only the noise of the birds chirping and trees rustling from the breeze was heard around them.

A small smile plastered into Steve's face out of relief and his hand moved from behind Billy's head to his cheek.

Surprisingly, it was Billy who broke the silence first.

"Fuck, Steve..." He whispered with a rough voice.

Steve gave a small laugh at that and moved his head back to look at the other. Billy opened his eyes too and he didn't know why he hadn't kissed the other earlier because Steve looked so beautiful in the moonlight with his lips swollen by the kiss and that fond look on his pretty face.

Billy reached out and pulled the other's hair back and couldn't help but to smile a little too.

"I've been wanting to kiss you for so long..." Steve confessed and as they laid down again, Billy gave the other's forehead a kiss and hugged him closer to his body.

"I know. Me too..."